HUBBY MUST BE CAREFUL IN FUTURE

How Mrs. Louis G. Meyer, Being Sadly Offended by Her Husband, Has Placed Him on Three Months' Probation by Means of the Strangest Agreement Two Married People Ever Signed.

New York.—After all is said and done—when gossips, lawyers and courts are finished—perhaps it has been left for Mrs. Louis G. Meyer to solve the great problem.

The problem is:

"How may one keep a husband home?"

Mrs. Meyer's solution is:

"Make him sign an agreement to behave." That is what Mr. Meyer has done. From this time forth it really seems as if there will be peace in the Meyer mansion. If there isn't, it will be because there isn't any efficiency in legal documents. Mr. Meyer has signed one—he has written his name down to certain promises and stipulations. If he doesn't keep them, there will be trouble surely.

Louis C. Meyer is a rich man. His wife is an extremely handsome woman. They were married some years ago. Everything went perfectly smoothly until there came into their lives a very attractive and altogether good-looking young woman—Mrs. Kathryn Conrad Fuller Harkness—thrice married.

The rest of it is quite a long story, but the present status of the whole thing is that Mr. Meyer has signed the foregoing statement.

Document Is Unique.

Was there ever another agreement between man and wife like it?

The Meyers have been married for 18 years. Mrs. Meyer is handsome, 40 years old and devoted to her husband. They live at Broadway and Ninety-sixth street. Mrs. Harkness doesn't own up to nearly as many years as 40, and she has much to commend her in the way of looks and figure.

She met Mr. Meyer something over a year ago.

Now Mr. Meyer, if court records may be believed, was somewhat susceptible. So was Mrs. Harkness. At any rate, Mrs. Meyer called up her husband on the telephone at his office one fine afternoon. For a reply he asked his wife to come to the office. She came. There she met for the first time Mrs. Harkness.

The police court records tell the rest of the story. Mrs. Harkness and Mrs. Meyer came to what seemed real blows. There was occasion to call a policeman, and Mrs. Harkness was arrested upon Mrs. Meyer's complaint.

There were bits of finery upon the floor of the Meyer office and a few hairpins and feathers. If it had been Cherry Hill instead of Fifth avenue it would have gone down on the Tenderloin station house records as just a plain fight. Mr. Meyer was only a spectator to the affray.

Predatory Beauty Fined.

Mrs. Meyer seemed to have the upper hand, because Mrs. Harkness, who gave her name as Miss Jennette Wynne, of No. 119 Rue de la Paix, Paris, was fined.

But let Mrs. Meyer tell the story as she tells it now, triumphantly showing the agreement which makes her the victor in this strange conflict between man and wife:

'It was on the afternoon of February 9," said Mrs. Meyer. "My husband had not been home for ten days. I called him up and asked the reason of his absence. He said if I would come to the office he would explain. He was repentant, he said, and wanted to be forgiven. I went to the office, and while we were talking this woman came up.

"She came in and asked me what business I had with my husband. She even had the effrontery to order me out of the office.

"After the trouble I went to the home of Mrs. Harkness. There I met her mother, Mrs. Keogh, and her sister, Mrs. Ball.

Made Plea to Rival.

"I went down before them on my bended knees," said Mrs. Meyer, "and I begged them to prevent this woman from ruining my life. But they were deaf to my pleas, and this woman must have laughed at my humiliation. But"—and the wife drew out a bundle of crumpled documents and shook them emphatically—"I have at last prevailed. These letters and papers were found in the hotel where that woman was with my husband. There is quite a little gush and weird poetry in them."

Mrs. Meyer showed what she had found. Here was one:

"A Dawn Letter, § A. M.

"Darling: When I meet you face to face I either act like one dumb or talk too much. In your absence, I realize myself, nothingness. In doing so, I know that all you give me is sweet.

"I have never asked you for anything but impossibilities—impossibilities breathe no defeat, yet to-day in the coldness of the dawn, I can say to you that defeat is not ours.

"Convey, impress, impart all that you wish to carry—yourself.

"Digress, delay, disgust—just me.

"Play—pay—praise. NIGGER."

Much "Gush" Revealed.

There is still more poetry, also signed with the pet name "Nigger." It runs this way:

"I still remain in your life as I came into it—that and no more.

"Breath and death—they savor of rhyme—they show but one little letter difference between us. I am—I remain, yours, NIGGER.'"

"My husband," continued Mrs. Meyer, "met Mrs. Harkness at the Victoria hotel and became infatuated with her. When I first knew of this my hair was dark brown, without a streak of gray in it. Now it is white.

"When I went to the mother of this Mrs. Harkness and pleaded with her, she asked me why I did not get a divorce. I told her that I never would get a divorce, and I never will. I am going to stay by my husband now and nurse him through his trouble. I do not care what happens to the other woman. I am glad she was injured as she was in the auto accident. She deserved it.

Spent Money on Charmer.

"My husband is a rich man, but I never asked him to spend money on me the way he did on Mrs. Harkness. Why, he allowed her to spend $149 a week just for hotel bills. And here is a sheet of an expense account I found among my husband's papers.

"'$200 received.

"'$153.90 hotel.

"'$10 left with mamma.

"'Philadelphia expense:

"'$200 received.

"'1 Gown $100.

"'1 Gown $65.

"'1 Waist $28.

"'1 Matisse $15.

"'Pair corsets $12.'

"But I love my husband and he loves me. I had divorce papers prepared, but he begged for another chance. I am going to give it to him. But he has now got to live up to this agreement."

Now just at the moment Mr. Meyer and Mrs. Harkness are really in a bad way. The agreement between the Meyers would not have been made public had it not been for the accident which has laid up both he and Mrs. Harkness, as well as William A. Feigelstock.

Mr. Feigelstock took out Mr. Meyer and Mrs. Harkness in his automobile a few days ago. They were running downhill in Bronxville, near the fashionable hotel Gramatan, when the chauffeur mistook the road, and, instead of curving off to the right, he took a stone wall, with disastrous results.

Mr. Feigelstock was badly injured. Mr. Meyer had his leg fractured and Mrs. Harkness' hip was broken.

All three were taken to the hotel; the accident was reported to the police and printed in the Newspapers. Mrs. Meyer, then at Atlantic City, read the news—her husband was badly hurt and so was "Mrs. Louis G. Meyer." Now, Mrs. Meyer wasn't hurt at all, and so the indignant wife started out to find out who was.

To her anger she discovered that it was the same woman who had tried to arrogate things to herself in the Meyer office. Hence this novel agreement.

Mrs. Meyer kept at her husband's side; she found him suffering grievously. She had him taken home. Mrs. Harkness was transferred to Dr. Bull's sanitarium in East Thirty-third street. Mrs. Meyer did the rest and arranged for the agreement. It still holds good.

Agreement Signed by Husband and Wife.

"Whereas, Ada E. Meyer, of the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, has commenced an action which is now pending in the supreme court against her husband, Louis G. Meyer, for an absolute divorce, in which action the summons and a copy of the complaint were duly personally served on the said Louis G. Meyer within the state of New York on the 15th day of December, 1906, together with a copy of affidavits and notice of motion for an allowance of alimony and counsel fees in said action, returnable December 24, 1906; and,

"Whereas, The said Louis G. Meyer, feeling repentant, is desirous of being forgiven by the plaintiff and of having opportunity for reestablishing himself in his wife's affection and favor, with a view of thereafter renewing their marital relations, and said Louis G. Meyer does hereby promise and agree with his said wife, Ada E. Meyer, as follows:

"I. That he will in all things hereafter treat his wife kindly and in a proper manner.

"II. That he will hereafter abstain from all relations of every name and nature, both social and otherwise, with Mrs. William Harkness, and will not hereafter have or maintain any improper or social relations with any other woman or women, but will at all times conduct himself in a loyal, honorable and proper manner, as would be fitting the husband of the said Ada E. Meyer.

"III. That he will hereafter, commencing this day, pay to his said wife the sum of fifty dollars ($50) on Friday of each week on account of her support. * * *

"It is further mutually understood and agreed between said Ada E. Meyer and Louis G. Meyer that for three months from this date hereof, which is the period of time contemplated in this agreement by the parties hereto as a probationary period within which said Ada E. Meyer may determine whether or not she can hereafter impose trust and confidence in her said husband and take him back unconditionally as her husband; * * * that each shall live his own life in his own way, * * * and that in the event that the actions and conduct of the said Louis G. Meyer shall at any time during said period of three months or at the termination thereof be unsatisfactory to the said Ada E. Meyer * * * it is agreed on the part of the said Louis G. Meyer that his said wife may proceed with said cause of action for divorce.

"LOUIS G. MEYER,
"ADA E. MEYER."

IN GRIP OF CONSCIENCE.

Retribution that Follows Lapse From Virtue's Path.

"Thus doth conscience make cowards of us all," wrote Shakespeare. It cannot be known how many there be who would feign tear themselves away from the gnawings of conscience and go hence who are held as in a vise by their conscience. How many men who are struggling in the quicksands of vice who would extricate themselves if they could without having the world know of their inner lives? Companions in vice—aye, there's the rub; if a man knows and no other does, then he might settle the matter himself, but should he determine to do right how many are there with whom he has associated who would point the finger of scorn at him and ask: When didst thou get to be better than I? How is a public official who, by some hook or crook, has been elevated to a position in which he is expected to bring criminals to justice, going to discharge the duties of his office when he knows that divers criminals know that he has been a partner with some of the very criminals who may be arraigned for a violation of the laws?

With his own life of sin and shame constantly staring him in the face, how can he muster courage sufficient to take hold of others and ask for the judgment of the law and of justice against the offenders? The man who goes into such a position with such a record is like a man engaging in a contest that requires strength and skill with both hands and feet tied, and also blindfolded. Fear of what may be told that he wants kept secret is what gives him pause. He may be ever so honest in his desires, ever so earnest and ever so sincere, but conscience tells him that others know of his shortcomings, and thus he is too cowardly to do that which he would like to do.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Wisdom of Methuselah.

My son, wouldst thou flatter women? I counsel thee, avoid generalities. say not unto her, Thou art fair, my love, thou rejoicest my heart with thy comeliness.

2. But let thy words be definite; go thou into details, and it will cause her much joy.

3. Say unto her, Lo, thy nostrils are proud, they show thy caste; and thine ear is like unto a seashell, it is far too little. How cunning are the tips of thy fingers, and the line of thine eyebrows, naught can excel.

4. For she knoweth her points; good and bad knoweth she them all from the greatest unto the smallest. Thou canst not teach her.

5. Her mirror instructeth her, lo she knoweth her fame. Ask her and she shall tell thee, that thou mayest contradict.—Smart Set.

Mikado Fond of Night Rambles.

The emperor of Japan, who recently celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday is fond of night rambles. He is famous for his activity, and he is said to be the busiest man of his empire. At night, when everybody is asleep—and in the country of the chrysanthemums they go to rest early—the mikado often leaves his palace, and, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth, wanders through the streets of Tokio in order to make sure that everything is quiet in the capital and that his royal subjects sleep the sleep of the just.

GENTLE IN HIS CRITICISM.

World Would Be Better For More Men Like Ephraim Farlowe.

The shortcomings of his neighbors never troubled Ephraim Farlowe. He found so many excuses for them that it seemed in the end as if none but the most ill-natured person would presume to mention them in a spirit of criticism.

On his farm Mr. Farlowe employed the same rose-colored glasses which made the views of life so pleasant to his gentle eyes.

"Kind of a roving critter, she is," he said one day, referring to a cow which had wandered from pasture and led him a chase of several miles. "Seems to like variety; but I tell ye, it beats all what an eye she's got for sightly spots to locate. Where I found her 'twas so pretty, I declare I felt to praise her for leading me up there."

There was a hen which would have tried the patience of any ordinary farmer beyond the endurance limit, but Mr. Farlowe found a good deal to admire in her.

"She's got ambition beyond any other hen I ever saw," he remarked one day, as he followed the hen's hasty exit from the parlor. "Stands to reason there's something out of the common in a hen that'll start in to lay an egg in my Sunday hat. Course I had to shoo her out of it, but I don't know as I blame her any."

One day the cow which had such an eye for sightly spots kicked violently while Mr. Farlowe was milking her, sent the pail flying so that all the milk was spilled, and overturned the stool.

"I declare," said Mr. Farlowe, after a moment's silent contemplation of the ruin his favorite had wrought, "I don't know but that I shall have to give in that she is kind of thoughtless, now an' again."—Youth's Companion.

Charlie Remembered Her.

A young woman of social prominence and respectability was to unite with the church in her home town and desired the ordinance of baptism by immersion in water, desiring the primitive custom of going to the river. Among the number that gathered to witness the baptism was a little boy friend, Charlie, about four years old. The proceedings were entirely new to the child, and he looked on with strange curiosity as the candidate was led into the river. The spring freshets had made the river somewhat turbulent, and it was with difficulty that the minister maintained his footing. During the following week the young woman called at the home of his family, and after the usual greetings said to the little boy as she extended her hand:

"Come here, Charlie, and see me. You do not know who I am, do you?" she continued.

"Yes, indeed, I do," said the boy. "You is that woman that went in swimmin' with the minister on Sunday."—Judge's Library.

His Turn.

Giovanni Allessandro Guiseppe Pietro Tellegreni had been coming to school all winter clad in raiment which raised perpetual wonder in his teacher's mind, both as to how G. A. G. P. Tellegreni managed to keep his circulation working and how the various sections of his clothes succeeded in retaining discreet proximity to each other. But now the warm weather had come, and on the first really hot day, lo! Giovanni appeared in a whole, heavy winter suit, with the coat buttoned up to his chin. After sundry covert glances in his direction, each of which had caused her to mop her perspiring forehead, she asked: "Giovanni, why don't you take off your coat? It makes me warm to look at you." Giovanni looked at her appealingly for a moment and then burst forth: "Oh, teacher, don't make me take it off. Me brother has been wearing it all winter, an' it's my turn now!"

Sufficient Reason.

Queer excuses are not infrequently offered to account for the lateness of the trains on a certain railroad running into this city, but the limit was reached the other day.

The train was a local from Yonkers, stopping at every station on the line, and at nearly as many points where no station was to be seen. Finally, after having lost 32 minutes en route, the train rolled with much deliberation into New York—the station that is. As the passengers filed out in conditions of mind varying from those of hopeless despair and resignation to those of impatience and even, we regret to say, of profanity, a mild-looking little man ventured to ask the conductor what had caused the delay. The conductor spat judiciously and vouchsafed an explanation that to his mind was apparently eminently conclusive and satisfactory:

"We were running behind an express train," he said.—New York Times.

Guessing at It.

"I'd like to know," said Dumley, "what this quotation means: 'Sic transit gloria mundi.'"

"Search me!" replied Wiggins. "Those first two words, though, sound as if they might have something to do with an ambulance."

A Future Son.

"Tiggs' great-grandfather fought in the revolution; his grandfather fought in the war of 1812; his father fought in the war between the states."

"How about Tiggs?"

"He fought in the peace congress."

THE STORY OF BUCK AND BRIDE

"I Grabbed the Reins and Jumped Back."

"Oh, say, grandpa," said Dickie, and his head was buried so deeply in a big old trunk in the barn that only a pair of sprawly legs and two long feet hanging on to a nail in the floor by the toes, and a dusty trouser seat could be seen.

"Oh, say, grandpa, here's two of the dandiest pairs of cows' horns with little brass balls on them. Only three of them look as if they had been broken off. Can I have 'em, grandpa? I asked first."

"Can't I have one pair, grandpa?" begged a voice from another corner, then a red-faced boy appeared.

"Let me see them," said grandpa. "Why, they are old Buck's and Bride's horns. No, I guess I'll keep them a little while longer. Upon my word, I'd forgotten about them.

"But, boys, I can tell you a real good story about them," he added.

"When? when grandpa? Now; will you?" And Dickie swept off a clean place on a bench with the sleeve of his coat.

"Well, suppose we wait until after supper. That'll be a good time and I can think about it a little."

So in the early evening—the time for story-telling—grandpa sat down before the fireplace, with a boy on each side of him. Each lad had a stick and a jackknife, whittling.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said grandpa, "when I was a little boy we didn't have as many horses in our part of the country as there are now. But we used oxen, which are just as strong and sometimes as swift as horses. Though usually they are slow. I guess you have not seen them very often. They are fastened together by a wooden yoke and driven by rein sometimes, but oftener controlled by a person merely speaking and cracking a whip.

"Father gave me a pair of young ones, black and white, and said I was to train them. I was much pleased and made up my mind that they would be the best team in the country. I named them Buck and Bride. I was always gentle and never abused them, and soon they grew to love me and would do anything I told them to.

"One day I took them to be shod. An ox, you know, has a split hoof, like a cow, and so each foot must have two shoes. That makes eight shoes to an ox, doesn't it? I must tell you how they shoe oxen, as it is very different from shoeing a horse. The ox is first led into a frame about three feet wide, which is built of strong timber, with a floor in it. Two heavy poles push up on each side of the ox's shoulders, holding him firm; then two more just back of his horns, to which ropes are attached, and these hold his head and shoulders perfectly still. Two broad leather bands fastened loosely to poles as high as the ox's back, are next passed under his body, and hook on the other side to another pole. These poles are turned around, shortening the bands until the ox is raised off his feet. The feet are then roped back, hoof upwards to other poles, and tied tightly so they cannot move. The blacksmith is then able to nail the shoes on quickly, without being bothered by the animal's struggles.

"Buck and Bride could go so much better after they had been shod, as they did not slip in going over the rough roads. Ice and melting snow made it very slippery, and one had to drive with great care.

"One day, along in April, father was chopping with a very sharp ax, and it slipped and cut a gash in his leg. The blood spurted high and we both knew that he had cut an artery. Together we managed to bind it up above the wound and stop the blood flowing, but father was dreadfully weak.

"You must get me down to Dr. Mead's right away," he said. So I managed to partly carry him to the sleigh and wrap a blanket around him. He held the stick with which we had twisted the bandages around his leg, and I drove. We started pretty fast, but I had good control of the oxen, so I didn't care. But just at a turning point in the road I heard a noise and looked back. Father was lying with his eyes shut and the blood was bouring from his leg. I ropped the reins. I was so frightened I did not know what I was doing and sprang to his side. In a minute I had the bandage tighteend, but I had to hold it. The oxen were running very fast now, and the reins were dragging. I dared not leave father a second and could not have got them, anyway. I called to Buck and Bride; they tried to slacken, but could not. Faster and faster we flew. The road was narrow and very steep. I was terrified. The oxen were beyond their own control now. We were near a turn in the road. They switched to one side suddenly and struck a small tree. It snapped off and on we went. Another curve and so sharply did we turn that the sled partly slipped over the side, but only for a second. On it went, the oxen taking great leaps, unable to help themselves a bit.

"I had all I could do to hang on and hold father. We were approaching the road and on the further side was a rail fence. On we flew, scarcely touching the ground, swerving from side to side, till at last we reached the road and jumped across it into the fence. There was a quick stop, then on again, but slower. I called loudly to the oxen and they then slackened up and stopped. Both were tired out and could scarcely stand or breathe. But I grabbed the reins and jumped back into the sleigh. I then managed to turn around and drive back to the road by sometimes kneeling on the reins and turning with one hand and by calling to them. Father was still in a faint. I drove right to the doctor's and knocked on the door. The doctor and I carried father in.

"'Just in time,' said the doctor. 'He's pretty far gone.'

"Well, we took him home and put him to bed. I unharnessed the oxen and it wasn't till then that I saw both of Buck's horns and one of Bride's had been broken off. I went back to the fence and found them. Good, faithful animals! They had done their best in coming down the hill without any guiding and had lost their pretty horns. I felt awfully bad because they did not look near so fine. I gave them a good supper and let them rest for two or three days. The other one of Bride's horns we sawed off.

"Father got well again in a few weeks and we were soon hauling wood again. But we could never get Buck and Bride to climb that mountain as long as they lived. They would go any place on level ground, but stopped and would not go a step up a hill. Father did not try to make them do it, as he said they had earned the right to do as they wished about it. We had them for many years and finally they died of old age.

"Those horns are the ones which were broken off in our wild ride down the mountain. You may have them, boys, but take good care of them for the sake of my two good old oxen."—Marion A. Long, in Detroit Free Press.

Queer Positions of Hearts.

There is one curious fact that not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin, says St. Nicholas, and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head.

Hearts of this sort, reaching from head to tail, are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back are also quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster, for example, and the crawfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell, in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.